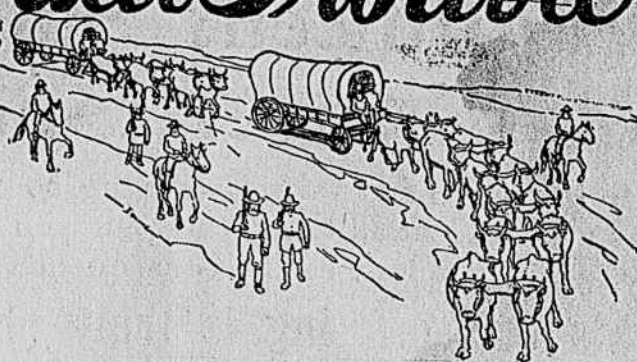
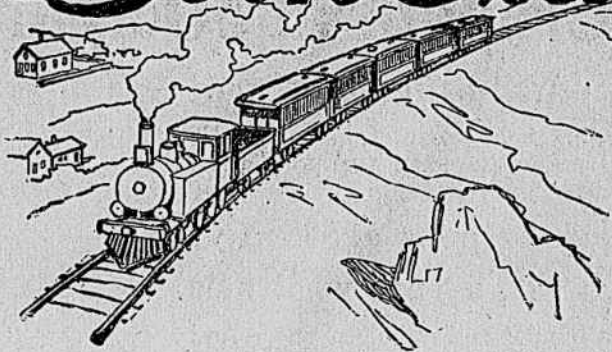


Both Sides of the Transvaal Trouble



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.

ENGLAND'S PLEA.

Why the British Are at War With the Boers.

TRANSVAAL AN ANACHRONISM.

NATIONS, like men, are never immaculate. There never yet was a great power that had no sins to answer for. I do not claim for my country that her hands are absolutely clean of blood guiltiness. England, like other countries, has made her mistakes, and has at times wandered from the straight and narrow path of national rectitude. But what I do claim for England is that the great general trend of her national policy has been one making for liberty, peace and progress.

Whether or not civilization, English or otherwise, is the best thing for the heathen I do not care to discuss, though England, it must be confessed, has been the greatest civilizer of modern times. No matter what her motives, no matter how sordid and how selfish her aims, it cannot be denied by her most captious or envious critics that order and advance have always followed English domination.

One has only to look at India, at Egypt, at British North America, at almost any corner of the world, to see how true is this. But especially and remarkably true is it of South Africa,

where a sloven and slothful people are now raising futile arms against the relentless spirit of the times for which English colonization stands. It is an old story, but I shall try to state it as clearly as that very familiarity which so often befools will allow.

To get at the root of the South African question only a few facts and conditions before 1890 need be noted. The first of these is the Boer exodus, early in the century, from that territory about the Cape, over which Great Britain ruled. Why they went north it is hard to say. They had been given every liberty of life and religion. But they were a sullen and segregative people, and the spirit of unrest and advance that came with the English was as odious to them then as it is today. So they took to their primitive ox wagons and trekked northward. Some crossed the Orange and some went on across the Vaal. Britain did not wish to hold them. She did not interfere with their migrations or their home building. By the middle of the century, in fact, she had given them full independence, with those qualifications laid down in the Rand river convention of 1852.

Were they fit for such independence? Subsequent events have answered that question. The Boers, when still in Cape Colony, had wanted slaves to do their work for them. They held that heaven sent blacks to the land for that particular purpose, and when the English took the slave away they sulked and went on their big trek.

Once across the Vaal their treatment of the blacks soon got them in trouble again. They did nothing to conciliate their new neighbors of the desert. They fought the Kaffirs under Sekukuni, enslaved what Basutos fell into their

hands, and went one better and made war on the irrepressible Zulus.

In ten years the Boers found themselves in a bad way. The republic was already bankrupt. Their hostility to the native was making the black a danger to every settler in South Africa. The Boers found themselves in a war they were neither strong enough to end nor diplomatic enough to evade. For her own sake England stepped in, knowing well that if the blacks once overran the Transvaal it was only a matter of time when they would menace the Cape itself. So in April, 1877, England annexed the Transvaal. That annexation saved the Boer from collapse. It was English vigor and English money that reconstructed the emasculated Boer republic and put the sloven burgher once more on his feet. It was England who drove back his enemies and it was England who opened up his country. Then when his house was put in order the Boer calmly decided to eject the housekeeper. This he did, for the resistance was only half hearted. The door was slammed in John Bull's face at Majuba Hill and, though he might easily have pounded down that portal in time, he had no wish to deprive an alien people of their liberty.

In 1881 England gave the Transvaal internal autonomy under an imperial suzerainty that would guard against encroachment upon neighboring boundaries. This left the Boer neither repentant nor grateful. He hated the English, and he always would hate the English; that was all he knew and all he cared to know. Three years after being granted her independence the Transvaal promised at the London convention to give practical equality of rights and privileges to all white men, such as was enjoyed in neighboring British colonies. The promise was glibly made and lightly broken. The discovery of gold in the heart of the Transvaal brought thousands of strangers knocking at her doors. These strangers were just what the bucolic Boer did not want. He desired to be left alone. The stolid burghers of the veldt wanted to raise their sheep and drink their coffee and smoke their pipes in peace. For the newfangled cries of progress and industry and advance they had the most profound contempt. They had their black slaves, their little homes, their bit of corn ground, and that was all they cared for. Their cry was the cry of the red Indians of America of one century ago.

But the tide of immigration they could not keep back. This they realized. Africa became the cynosure of all eyes. There was one thing they could do, however—they could make it so hot and uncomfortable for the incoming that he would be glad to get out. And this is just what the Boer all his life long has been trying to do. The time for an alien to become enfranchised was enlarged from two years to five. Every political and municipal right was denied him. When the gold rush of 1886 showed the need of even more discouragement, the franchise was still more narrowly delimited, until 14 years was the term imposed on the immigrant. The gold industry was taxed, monopolies were created, every uitlander was bled. The liquor law was so administered that it worked only in the interest of the Dutch manufacturer. An outrageous monopoly in dynamite was also created, and exorbitant prices for this necessity of the miner became the order. English children had to go to Boer schools and be taught the sullen tongue of the low Dutch. Sixty thousand indolent and capricious Boers, banded together in one impregnable, family compact, dominated and oppressed and disgraced the manhood of 200,000 uitlanders.

It was no wonder such a thing ended in a Jameson raid. That raid was a mistake. This every one, Boer and British alike, will now confess. But it was a mistake only because it was a failure. Then it was the Boer gloated, with his Bible in his hand and race hatred in his heart. He fanned that hatred up to the burning point. Outrages to property and to individual Boers became a thing of positively terrifying proportions. The country was misgoverned, corruption was rampant and, to make sure of his position, the Boer armed and equipped his home forts by means of war taxes wrung from the hard working uitlander, who paid fourteen-fifteenths of the republic's revenue.

Such things have to have an end. "If you saw a pile of gold worth £500,000 with 20,000 Boers armed to the teeth sitting on it," cried Sir Alfred Milner, "what would you do?" The Boer plausibly protests that we English are a band of selfish and rapacious invaders, who want nothing but to suck the golden honey from the mines of his country and then pass on and leave him to feed on the empty husks of the barren veldt. But in his heart he knows that any permanent good, that any substantial improvement that has ever been made in the Transvaal has been the result of his own effort. He knows that he himself has moved neither hand nor foot to irrigate or enrich those fertile but well parched prairies over which now roam his few handfuls of sheep and cattle. And he must know in his heart that a selfishness so narrow and an attitude so autocratic can have but one end. That end, thank God, now seems to be nearer than ever before. The spirit of the nineteenth century must sweep away the Boer and all for which he stands.

It is for these reasons that the Boers hate the British and the British the Boers. Time was when we were willing to give and take rather than bring upon our empire another bitter and bloody war. Oom Paul and his people allowed that time to pass, and now nothing but war to the death can bring about the final readjustment of affairs in South Africa. ALBERT BONYNGE. Cape Town, South Africa.

THE BOER'S SIDE.

England Has Been the Pitiless Aggressor.

TYRANT FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

HAVE people a right to fight for their homes and the homes of their fathers? If they have not, then the Boers are now engaged in an unholy and unrighteous war. It is a war, however, that has been forced on them by a great and aggressive empire, an empire whose rapacity and duplicity has become a byword throughout the world.

There are many reasons why I and all my brother Boers fear this same British empire. When, over a century ago, the valiant forefathers of the present burghers of the South African Republic set sail from their native shores and founded new homes and a new settlement in this faroff Cape country it was thought that they would here, at least, be allowed to follow their own peaceful pursuits. They were, as they always have been, an honest, outspoken, God fearing and amicable people, asking not of their neighbors and intruding not on their enemies.

At the Cape our forefathers subdued the natives, gave them homes and clothing and did their best to enlighten them. In return for this the Kaffirs worked on the land and did that labor for which they were by nature fitted. Then the English came flocking down to the Cape and, with pharisaical horror, said that we had no business to treat blacks like dogs and that it was our duty as Christians to liberate every slave in our colony. This we declined to do, knowing it was no worse to enslave natives by the hundred than it was to bayonet them by the thousand.

The English, however, won their point, being the greater and more aggressive power. They promised to pay our people, however, for every slave set free. But even in their works of charity the English could not be honest. They paid for the slaves, it is true, but did so in paper redeemable at London only. This paper was worthless at the Cape and was bought up at ridiculous and ruinous discounts. Then the Boers washed their hands of the English and trekked northward. What those heroic home seekers endured during their long journey into the dark interior will never be known. The fruits of that great trek was the foundation of the Zuid Afrikansche Republiek and the Orange Free State. Here, at last, it was thought, a pastoral and simple minded people might take up their homes and dwell in peace.

Never before had such a mistake been made. The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Anglo-Saxon his viking heart. For ten centuries he has been a landgrabber and an aggressor.

In 1877 Britain again invaded and captured our country. We were then a scattered and weak people, else that invasion would have been dearly paid for. But we were willing to wait.

After three years of tyranny we prepared to shake off the yoke. How effectively we did it England remembers to this day. Boys not yet out of their teens, old burghers who had passed their threescore years and ten, women even, with babes in the cradle—all took up their trusty rifles and went out to fight for home and freedom. God showed which side He was on by the victories of Laingnek, Bronckhorst, Spruit and Majuba Hill. England saw we were in earnest and wisely granted us our independence. At last the Boer had his freedom.

But in the meantime a change had been creeping over our country. That land which we had first thought so rude and inhospitable was found to have hidden beneath its rugged surface a wealth of gold the like of which the world has never seen. It was a blessing that befell us with its own curse. It drew like a magnet the riffraff of the world within our borders. Speculators and adventurers swarmed into our quiet little towns, and men whose only quest was wealth tried to elbow us out of our hard earned homes.

Then, too, came Cecil Rhodes and his empire building compatriots. When the man Rhodes stood in a little grocery shop at Cape Town and stretched his great paw over the entire map of South Africa and said "All British, that is my dream," he made a confession that the world should never forget. It is a key to the present situation, an explanation of why the Boer is today fighting for existence, struggling, perhaps vainly, against a band of landgrabbers intoxicated with dreams of an African empire.

Three years after the granting of the independence of the Transvaal the London convention came together and drew up a new agreement. In that agreement England quietly gave back to our country the suzerainty rights she had before insisted upon, and in the new document there was made no mention of suzerainty or colonial obligation. The English today claim that all this was understood. We claim that such was not the case.

During the next ten years we found ourselves harassed by these intrusive uitlanders, who gradually grew more and more audacious and kept making more and more impossible demands. Their organization and threatening movements naturally prompted our government in its official capacity to do what it could to preserve itself against its enemies on the one hand, and among the people at large on the other, aroused sufficient suspicion and

watchfulness in every Boer heart to make citizens of the republic always on the alert. That was the secret of the Afrikaner Bund and the excuse for its existence. Under such circumstances race hatred and bitterness of feeling were only natural, in fact inevitable.

When we first heard of Dr. Jameson's preparations to invade our country on behalf of the Chartered company, however, we could scarcely believe it. We really knew of that intended raid far earlier than the English realized, but we said little. We had long before known of the activities of the Reform Committee and had done our part and prepared for all internal trouble. But we never dreamed that England, either secretly or openly, would permit an armed band to be collected in her territory and allow the same to cross her frontiers into the territory of a friendly state for the purpose of murder and pillage. We knew that the officers of the Chartered company had for some time been doing their best to foment discontent and bring about an uprising in Johannesburg, and for a few days things looked very dark for the Transvaal. But our heroic leader, our staunch old Oom Paul, rose to the occasion at the capital, just as Cronje and Joubert did in the field. The world still remembers the ignominy of the Jameson defeat and how that land buccaner was forced to run up his white flag and surrender.

Once in our hands, did we treat these traitors as they richly deserved, or did we demonstrate our good will toward England and our desire for peace by treating our captives as honest and honorable gentlemen—which they were not? Many a burgher who bound up the wounds of these young braves and carried meat and milk and brandy to them can answer that question.

And England—did she do her duty as a Christian nation, or did she violate her promise of justice to the offenders as she had done so often of old? The official investigation at London was an

official whitewash. Jameson and a few of his officers were first given a public ovation and then given a brief sentence, all of which was served amid the most happy and luxurious surroundings. Chamberlain himself was left unscathed. As the colonial minister of the empire it would never do to have him mixed up in such disgraceful land raiding and buccaneering schemes, so everything necessary was most carefully suppressed. And this is the man who today rants about progress and advancement and declares war on a weak and unoffensive state simply because a band of wealthy London speculators hunger for the goldfields of our republic. They may or they may not secure their long coveted mines, but the price, they will find, will not be a trifling one. PAUL KAALENBURG. Cape Town, South Africa.

HE RAISED THE FIRST FLAG. Miss Carmen d'Antonsant, a native Porto Rican, now living in Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the honor of having raised the first American flag in Porto Rico. The flag was one she had brought home from Brooklyn after completing her education there. When the war came and the family were forced to fly from Ponce, she could not bear to leave her flag behind for the Spanish soldiers to destroy, and sewed it into the lining of her skirt.

When the news came that the Spaniards had fled without the firing of a shot, her family started back to Ponce, but not until she had cut loose the flag and fastened it to an improvised flagstaff. On the way they were met by the cheering American soldiers, who were in search of a flag to fly over the city hall.

SOME ROYAL CROWNS.

The crown that adorned the brow of the young queen of Holland on her coronation is said to have cost \$225,000 and has had a most romantic history. In 1839 it was stolen by burglars and remained in their possession for nearly two years. Eventually some of the stones composing it were found near Brooklyn, N. Y., and the remainder were ultimately discovered in Belgium.

Strange stories cluster round many other royal diadems. Some time ago the Prince de Drago, grandnephew of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, paid a visit to America, his object being to sell the crown which his relative carried off to exile with the rest of her jewels. The crown, which is set with very fine diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, was eventually bought for the late Jay Gould's daughter, now the Countess Boni de Castellane, for \$25,000. At the time Queen Isabella was first wearing the bubble Jay Gould was struggling to make a living as a book canvasser.

The coronation crown of Queen Victoria weighs 39 ounces 6 pennyweight and is worth about 500 times its weight in sovereigns. It is set with 2,500 diamonds, 273 pearls, a famous ruby, an immense sapphire and divers other gems. The value is estimated at a sum which would yield, if invested at 4 1/2 per cent, the snug income of \$16,000 a year. Richard II could not get \$10,000 on his crown and regalia when he pledged them to the city of London.

The king of Portugal's crown is estimated by different authorities at a fabulous value, being, according to some, equal to 40 1/2 miles of Bank of England fivers, and, according to others, 7 tons and 16 hundredweight of sovereigns; but if we take the happy mean and say a column of sovereigns one mile and 48 yards high, or the sum of \$4,300,000, we shall probably be about right.

Whether the czar's crown is more valuable is a moot point. The principal feature of the Russian crown is a magnificent cross formed of five superb diamonds resting on an uncouth but polished ruby of great size and wonderful luster. The crown of the king of Italy is known as the "Iron Crown of the Lombards," so called because of a legend that a small circle of iron forming part of it was originally a nail from the cross on which Christ was crucified.

The Hungarian crown belonging to the bereaved emperor of Austria was made for Stephen II 800 years ago, and it weighs about 14 pounds. It is adorned with 53 sapphires, 50 rubies, 1 emerald and 333 pearls, but no diamonds appear in it owing to some superstition entertained by Stephen that such gems would bring bad luck to himself and his family. This crown has passed through many vicissitudes. It was once sewed up in a cushion and carried off by a queen, who eventually pawned it for 2,800 ducats. After it had been redeemed from the pawnbroker it was hidden away and lay buried in a forest for five decades.

The crown of the sovereigns of Roumania is unique, in so far as it forms a genuine badge of the nation's freedom from Turkish tyranny. It is made from the metal of the Turkish cannon captured at Plevna by the Roumanians in 1877.

HOW THE PRINCE RECRUITS. This is how a correspondent writes of the Prince of Wales' recent visit to Marlborough for the sake of his health:

The prince's fare is of the simplest—rusk instead of bread, compotes of fruit without sugar (no salad), trout or pike, no salmon, very lean meat, neither pudding nor cheese—both being rigorously tabooed—and wine diluted. His rooms are light and airy; the hangings, carpets and furniture are fresh and bright and large baskets of roses were placed in every nook and corner of the drawing room, many of which had been sent by friends, who remember that his royal highness is specially fond of the queen of flowers.

One piece of furniture, a large writing desk, is particularly useful. Seated thereat, the prince spends the greater part of his time when indoors, for his correspondence is very large, and he attends to it in detail, making notes for replies in addition to which he carries on a large private correspondence. He is attended by Captain Fortescue and accompanied by M. de Soveral, the Portuguese minister to London, a very remarkable man, who, besides being a trusted friend of the king of Portugal, is, perhaps, the most intimate friend the prince has nowadays.

Venus, the prince's favorite dog, leads a very pleasant life. Venus is a Dandie Dinmont and belonged to the late Duke of Clarence, hence the great affection lavished on the little animal by the future king, who had her portrait painted some time ago.

HIS LAST WORDS.

A dangerous criminal was about to be executed in Calcutta. While his last toilet was being got ready, he was going forward.

An Englishman, who had just landed, begged five minutes' conversation with him, which was granted. All that was heard of the interview was the final remark of the criminal: "He called after his visitor, 'A thousand pounds to my heirs, don't forget.' When the hangman had prepared for his sad duty, the culprit claimed the right to say a farewell word.

Lifting up his voice, he roared aloud to the assembled multitude: "All you who listen hear my dying statement: The best coffee is the coffee of Messrs. Chicory, Chawm & Chockor of Calcutta and London!"

During the last three years of the existence of the London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats it has received 13,394 animals. Those which were absolutely homeless and unhealthy were painlessly put to death, and many cats were restored to their owners.

